AN ERA OF HIGH SALARIES.

MEN WHOSE PAY IS LARGE AND THE QUALITIES THAT EARN IT.

Lyman J. Gage on the Demand for Men Worth $25,000 a Year—Instances of Men Comparatively Young With Great Incomes—Salaries of $50,000 a Year and More in Business.

It may be that future historians will refer to the present time as the era of big salaries. When Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury, left his $8,000 Cabinet place in Washington the other day and accepted an offer to become President of the United States Trust Company at a salary said to be $50,000 a year, certain business men in Chicago, his old home, expressed a doubt as to whether he was able to earn that enormous amount.

The idea of a big salary for little work has its fascinations—and its fallacies. Big pay and little or nothing to do are two circumstances seldom conjoined in this world; though the uninformed wistfully dream of such conditions.

That any man should render actual services commensurate with a salary of $50,000 a year is really beyond the understanding of the average toiler whose stipend is $2 or $3 a day. Nevertheless, in this matter-of-fact age there are probably very few persons receiving prodigious pay who do not earn every dollar of it.

"You may be sure that Mr. Gage will be worth more than $50,000 a year to his employers, or they wouldn't hire him," said a Chicago banker who formerly was Comptroller of the Currency. "Perhaps you may remember a highly interesting remark made by former Secretary Gage last fall in an address to the bank clerks of Denver.

"He told them that the demand for good bank clerks was so much greater than the supply that he could place at least twenty young men in financial institutions of this country at a salary of $25,000 a year each. The fact is that capital, whether employed in commercial or industrial enterprises, or in banking, is always on the watch for able managers. There never was a time when first-class abilities could command so much in salaries as now."

This seems to be true enough. Even $25,000 a year for the hire of one man's brain is a vast sum; it is half the salary of the President of the United States, and few persons in private enterprises receive so much; yet there is still an unsupplied demand at this rate of pay.

Mr. Gage's remark doubtless was intended to lay stress upon the fact that a score of young men worth $25,000 each could not easily be found. It is conceded by business men generally that when found, a strong, buoyant, resourceful, courageous young man whose education has been specialized may obtain ready employment at the salary named, not only in banking, but in railroading, engineering and developing large commercial and industrial enterprises. The field is broad and the masters of the situation are few.

Some months ago, when Charles Counselman was elected President of the American Fisheries Company, a concern that has control of many of the canning factories in the State of Washington and along the shores of Alaska, it was announced that his salary was to be $50,000 a year. Like Mr. Gage, Mr. Counselman is a Chicagoan, and he has had a long and successful experience as a grain merchant on the Board of Trade, an owner of grain elevators, a builder of skyscrapers, a dealer in real estate and a man of large business interests generally. He began with little or nothing, and such education as he possesses he acquired in the school of experience. He was always alert, creative and resourceful, looking for big problems to solve, and he solved them. He is to-day a man of large fortune and great commercial activity, still in the prime of life.

There is still another Chicago man who is said to be receiving a yearly salary so big that many would consider it a fair fortune after a lifetime of industrious effort. This is Conrad H. Matthieson, President of the Chicago Sugar Refining Company, sometimes called the Glucose Trust.

He is now about 35, and his annual salary has been variously stated as $65,000 and $75,000. At any rate, it is big enough to be highly exceptional. It is but fifteen years since he left college, and at first he worked ten hours a day, carried his lunch with him, and earned $12 a week. Step by step he mastered every detail of the business and rose to be manager.

Then a crisis arose, calling for the highest executive ability, and he was equal to the emergency. His company was in a rate-cutting pool and its profits had disappeared.

Upon his aggressive initiative it withdrew from the pool, inaugurated a fight of its own and within two years was paying 80 per cent. in dividends. This triumph inspired in Mr. Matthieson an ambition to control the entire field, and this was accomplished under his direction shortly after the passage of the Dingley Tariff bill, which opened up a better future for the trade.

Most of the concerns absorbed by his company were losing money, but under the combine which he organized their stocks were transmuted into gold. This young man earns his princely salary by successfully handling $40,000,000 of combined capital and conducting the glucose business, comprising some twenty departments, in such a systematic and prosperous way that the shareholders are well satisfied.

He says that hard work is a tonic to him and he keeps at it early and late, never asking a subordinate to do more than he does himself. He knows no other secret of success.

When Richard Delafield, President of the National Park Bank of New York, had his salary raised from $25,000 to $40,000, early last year, it was said that no other bank President in the United States received such big pay for his services. The reason given for this increase was that the bank's business had expanded so much and the responsibilities of its executive head had become so great that he well deserved a salary only $10,000 less than that received by the Chief Executive of the nation.

As the custodian of $70,000,000, to be successfully handled in such financial operations as are open to national banks, his responsibilities are tremendous. Mr. Delafield began his business career as clerk in a mercantile house on a salary of $5 a week. He is quoted as saying:

"Life is not summed up in the accumulation of riches. One may be happy, though poor. I know that, for I was happy when I had my $5 a week. There is much satisfaction in this world in work well done."

There has been much talk concerning the salary of Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation. At first reports placed it at $1,000,000 a year. When this talk died out it was stated, on what seemed to be good authority, that his actual salary is $100,000, but that he receives a contingent fee, estimated at $125,000 annually, based on one-fourth of 1 per cent. of all the corporation may earn over and above its fixed charges, after deducting such sums as may be necessary to pay the regular dividends on the common and preferred stock.

Mr. Schwab, who is still a young man—only 40—has risen to his present place in twenty years, although he started with the modest income of $1 a day, driving stakes in an engineering corps. He says that there were never so many opportunities for the right kind of young men as to-day.

His first step was to make himself indispensable to his employer, instead of continually looking at the clock, and this required a lot of hard work and self-reliant manliness. He made up his mind that nothing of consequence in the manufacture of steel should remain unknown to him, and he studied chemistry in a laboratory which he fitted up in his own home; he read and studied to broaden his general knowledge, and inspired confidence by always being sure of his facts. He was wide awake and up to date.

The late Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York, received a salary of $100,000 a year for his work. He was a man of intense energy and constant activity, and, although possessed of a large fortune, he labored day and night to build up the great institution of which he was the head. He worked more hours and took less vacation than any subordinate in his employ.

A little more than two years ago, Elbert H. Gary, who at that time resided at Wheaton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was elected President of the Federel Steel Company, which is now an integral part of the steel combination, and his salary was fixed at $60,000 a year. Having previously been attorney for the Illinois Steel Company, he had mastered the legal side of the great industry before he was able to command such high wages. He specialized his knowledge, and thus was able to attract the attention of the capitalists in control of the vast enterprises.

In the management of great railway systems, big salaries are not so unusual as to attract more than casual comment nowadays. There are a few men of whom it can be said they had the honor of resigning a salaried place worth $75,000 a year, but when the late Pierre Lorillard died, last July, it was told of him that when the tobacco interests were merged into a corporation, with him as President, at a salary of $75,000, he promptly resigned, saying that he was too busy to attend to the duties of the office.

As a rule salaries are much lower in England, France and Germany than in the United States, except in a few of the higher official places. The Ministers of the German Empire receive three or four times the amount paid to members of the Cabinet in Washington. Besides they have handsome houses to live in free of cost and servants paid by the Government, but their subordinates are not so well paid as men occupying similar places in the Executive Department of the United States.

There is said to be a surplus of highly educated, intellectual men in Germany, and the price of brains, like that of other marketable commodities, being regulated by the law of supply and demand, many scholars are compelled to be satisfied with incomes of from $50 to $60 a month. Much the same condition exists in France.

One of the best-paid preachers in the United States is Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, pastor of Sinai Congregation, Chicago, who receives $15,000 a year and has a contract for this salary running fifteen years from 1899. This contract was drawn up and signed to prevent Dr. Hirsch from accepting a call to Temple Emanu-El, New York.

Bishop Potter of New York also has a salary of $15,000. Bishops Merrill, Warren, Foss, Hurst, Walden, Mallalieu, Fowler, Vincent, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Goodsell, McCabe, Crenston, Moore, and Hamilton of the Methodist Episcopal Church receive $4,740 each.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Topeka, Kan., who gained fame as the author of "In His Steps," recently had his salary increased from $1,200 to $1,800 a year, and it was said at the time that he had refused an offer of $10,000 a year to take charge of a church in London.

The average salary of pastors in the principal denominations in the United States is about $1,000 outside the large cities. In the leading cities the average is about 74,000, though in New York, if one excepts the pastors of missions, it is probably $3,000. It is said that the salaries of Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers are higher on the average than those of other denominations.

It is only in the great business enterprises, however, that men may aspire to the highest salaries. And the law of price or salary, whether for hand or brain, is the skill; and the amount of skill expended in the work is as much for the market as are the goods.

CREATURES OF THE DESERT.

Reptiles and Other Animals That Thrive on the Sandy Wastes.

From the London Spectator.

There are cold deserts and hot deserts, but it is in the latter that the presence and continuance of animal life are the more remarkable. There are almost no places, however hot the sun or waterless the sand, where some life does not exist, often of an unexpected kind. The Afghan Delimitation Commission found that a horrible sandy desert which had to be crossed to reach the boundary swarmed with large snakes; and the waterless plains of Arizona abound in reptiles and insects.

Probably the least-known desert in the world is the Great Sahara, because the oases in its centre are occupied by intensely hostile and warlike tribes, whose hatred of the French is a kind of delirium. But on its northern fringe two animals are found which seem specially adapted for life in this forbidden land. They are the addax antelope and Loder's gazelle. The addax is an ugly, awkward-looking animal, with spiral horns and very widespread hoofs, which enable it to go at a great pace over the sand. Pliny knew of its existence, and was naturally interested in it, for as South Africa was as yet unvisited, this was one of the few species of antelope known to the ancients. It was not rediscovered till Ruppell found it near Dongola. As it is rather a large antelope, it requires a considerable amount of food, and the difficulty which suggested itself was to discover where it found this food.

It is now fairly certain that the addax follows the rains which fall at certain seasons, and probably travels vast distances in the wake of the seasonal storms. The immense area of desert in northern Africa makes this possible, though without special knowledge of the meteorology of that part of the continent it would be unsafe to assert that there is always rain going on in some part of the desert fringe. How the addax supports itself in these absolutely dry intervals is not known. Gazelles are mainly desert animals, but Loder's gazelle seems to have rather more than the family leaning toward the lands of thirst and sand. Another gazelle differing very little from it is quite common on the edge of the desert; but this creature never came near the fringe of civilization, and it was not till a special expedition was organized that any trustworthy tidings were obtained of it.

When at last it was found it was in a place not absolutely waterless, for there was a well, the sides of which were made of woven halfa grass, somewhere in the neighborhood; but this water was quite inaccessible to the gazelles, and the desert all round was long billows of rolling, wind-drifted sand.

WHAT IS MAN'S PROPER FOOD?

A COMPLEX PROBLEM NOT YET SOLVED BY SCIENCE.

No General Rules Now Possible, Says Eustace Miles, Amateur Tennis Champion—Foods of Animals and of Man Civilized and Semi-Civilized—Effect of Modern Conditions.

If each one of us waited for science to tell him clearly what he should eat, and how much, and at what times, he might have to wait for several centuries. Meanwhile we have to be content either to follow custom slavishly, to eat whatever is put before us, and to ask no questions, which means to listen to no questions or complaints from our internal organs and apparatus and to dismiss these complaints as inevitable or ridiculous; or else to get some workable theory as a makeshift until science can tell us something more definite about ourselves and about the changes which go on within our bodies.

There are authorities in plenty who inform us that such-and-such foods must be the best possible foods for you and me, and for all others. But what do these authorities know about you or me as individuals, and how many of them agree as to the exact meaning of that delightful phrase, "such-and-such?"

Does it include beef and beer, or beef and water, or fish and potatoes, or fruit and nuts, or toast and cheese? Only the other day I was vigorously assailed by a crank at a public meeting. He said:

"Mr. Miles refuses to lay down any one diet for everybody, but I say that bread and apples must suit everybody."

It is obvious that this enthusiastic vegetarian, or fruitarian, thought that he himself was everybody—a not uncommon fallacy.

Now it is impossible for me to guarantee the complete success of any one diet, or even of any one out of twenty diets; each reader who has the inclination must experiment for himself. All that I can do is to show what is the theory, perhaps only a theory, of food and feeding, and then to try and draw a few conclusions from it.

For the sake of being practical and concrete I may suggest a specimen meal. My own favorite at the present time is worth a trial for one of the meals, let us say the midday luncheon.

It consists of plasmon blancmange, milled nuts and an apple; the quantity of the two former will vary according to the number of meals a day, the exercise and so on. Enough of proteid, together with salts, we know to be contained in two ounces of plasmon and four ounces of milled nuts.

It is comforting to reflect that this diet seems to be correct in theory, for it has proteid, fattening and heating material including oil, salts fiber, bulk and soft water. If we eat such a meal slowly, and in an as pure air as we could obtain, and without any thought of worry, then, theoretically, we should be feeding extremely healthfully.

But this is not the only reason why I take such a meal, though I am bound to say this reason by itself gives me confidence. The real reason is that such a meal suits me excellently.

Almost immediately after it I feel ready for hard work, or for hard exercise, and if I live on two similar meals a day—I vary the diet considerably—I can keep in training without regular exercise at all. After many weeks of as nearly sedentary life as I ever live, weeks of concentrated brain work, I can play a hard game of fives, which uses nearly all the muscles of the body, and then immediately afterward a hard game of racquets, for two hours and a half straight on end; and I am ready to continue this for several days, and then if necessary to go back to the sedentary life again without becoming distressed.

Such a thing was an utter impossibility to me on my former diet of meat, &c. With that diet I had to take exercise regularly or else feel miserable.

People tell me that my diet will not suit them, because all individuals differ. Many of these people, by the way, will sit down to a dinner party of twenty and all eat precisely the same ten or fifteen courses, and talk almost precisely the same fluffy nonsense, in spite of those "individual differences" of which they boast so frequently.

Perhaps it will not suit you, but then, on the other hand, perhaps it will. Theoretically I have heard no objection to it, so long as it is recommended just for what it is worth.

Practically you have not tried it, but some hundreds or perhaps thousands in various parts of the world have tried it and have found it successful. You must not condemn it before a fair personal experiment.

If on your own diet, you can do something like what I have just described, keep in excellent physical training if necessary for weeks without regular exercise, and with severe brain work, then very likely you have no need to change your way of living. But if you want to keep in excellent physical training without regular exercise, and with severe brain work, then such diee has at least a fair chance of succeeding.

We have now become, or we are becoming, a sedentary people, at least from Monday morning till Saturday afternoon. In our city offices or factories we work either with our heads or with only a few parts of our bodies. And yet, for all practical purposes in this world, we need clean and active and strong blood and nerves and muscles.

We need them for our own happiness, and for the happiness of others. I do not wish to say a word against the best forms of physical exercise. They are invaluable. But the ideal, surely, is to be in training, even if we have given up our exercise for many days.

Such an ideal can not be reached without careful attention to diet, at any rate at first. Afterward it is possible that, when we have developed strength of mind and will, we may to some extent ignore our diet, or leave it entirely to our recovered instinct. To recover this instinct is one of the meanings of the commandment, "Become like little children."

Man can live on almost any diet. Some Arabs of the desert feed chiefly on milk, and they are scarcely ever ill, and reach an almost incredible age.

The Scotch, the Irish, the Hindoos and the Moors can thrive on such foods as oatmeal, potatoes and buttermilk, rice and dhal (lentils), fruits and bread. On the other hand, the Pampas Indians live chiefly on flesh foods, and they also appear to be healthy.

Salisbury's starchless diet of flesh food and water is not without its successes, one reason being the comparative absence of acid fermentation, another the addition of abundant hot water, and another—as a friend has kindly pointed out to me—the general idea and conviction that beef is strength. We, however, are seeking not the possible diet for man, but the best possible, or the best feasible diet for a sedentary as well as for an active life.

And I cannot yet find clear proof that any one diet is most natural to man in black clothes and in stuffy rooms and in a crowded city. In fact, a crowded city is itself an unnatural condition, which may, for all we know to the contrary, demand a special diet, a diet so extra-natural that it may be classed as unnatural!

We want to know not what some men here or there can eat, but what we here as individuals should eat in order that we may get the most we can out of ourselves for the benefit and happiness of ourselves and of others.

It is usual for vegetarians to quote the diet of strong and enduring and active animals, such as the horse, the racing dog, the reindeer, the gazelle and the elephant. But one objection to such examples is that these animals live an active life in fresh country air, and not a sedentary life under varying conditions, not a life in which conscious brain competes against conscious brain, amid conditions which seem especially devised to harass and strain the nerves. And the same objection applies to the parallel between man and the ape.

Except for the number of convolutions in his brain, and the number of brain cells, and a few minor differences, man resembles the ape more closely than he resembles any other animal. In the general shape of his body, in the number and position of his teeth, in his digestive organs, in his capacity for sweating, and so on, the animal man is a sort of anthropoid ape.

And the ape lives chiefly on grains, nuts and fruits, and on such a diet far surpasses man in strength. The ape can live on such foods as civilized man prefers; in fact, most of the higher animals seem to be able to change their diet without immediate death, so that even lions and tigers have been trained to live and thrive on fleshless foods, and cows and sheep to live on fish and flesh and various concoctions. But undoubtedly the natural diet of the ape, and that on which he seems to thrive best, is the above diet of grains, nuts and fruits.

The ape, however, eats slowly, has plenty of fresh air and plenty of exercise, very little care and seemingly very little conscious brain work. Such is the diet for simian health and strength under certain conditions. But is this necessarily the diet for human health and purity and strength under the commonest modern conditions?

No, not necessarily. For, let us look facts in the face and observe people and things as they are. We eat fast and frequently, we take a vast amount of stimulant, we have little fresh air and little exercise during the week, but much care and brain work. We are not apes, and we are not lviing the life of apes.

We want examples of men who are healthy under such conditions. The vegetarians mention among their examples of healthy men: The Hindoo runners, the Japanese runners and wrestlers, the Constantinople and Andes weight carriers, Karl Mann, the famous walker, and Olley, the cyclist.

These are quoted as types of physical rapidity, endurance, strength, &c. The Hindoo runner may take his single meal, scarcely a handful of rice, in the evening of his day's work.

He may have no breakfast, no lunch, no tea, no supper, but just this one meal, this kind of dinner. And yet, on this diet, he will keep up with a carriage along uneven ground, hour after hour, day after day.

But this is not necessarily what we want; for the Hindoo eats dry food slowly, and we, as a rule, eat wet food rapidly; and there are the differences of climate, dress, &c., to say nothing of physical heredity. All these points are of the utmost importance.

Moreover the Hindoo has been taught to breathe pure air correctly through the nose. We have not been trained to breathe correctly, and our city air is not always of the best.

We need to be shown healthy men in cities, men who are clean and active and strong in mind and thought, as well as in body and blood. But where are they? We look for them in vain.

We look in vain even for the men who can do their daily brain work easily and happily, and without the desire for any stimulant, who are pure in body and mind, and who can, at short notice, show athletic activity, promptitude, adaptability, endurance, skill and strength. We look in vain even for a few such men.

And yet it is just such men, yes, and such women, too, and boys and girls, that the nation to-day needs more than ever before. When young men or young women set before them such an ideal as this they are like people on the seashore with the high cliff above them; they see no path up to the summit.

Few of them can even see the summit at all; they see just the nearest height, not realizing that there are heights and heights beyond. Let us consider well if theory will not do something to guide us.

If we have no clear track to follow, at least let us notice the general direction of such tracks as we have. Let us avoid the places where others have fallen. And let us begin with the safest way of reform; namely, the reform of our way of eating.

For the answer to the question, "How Shall We Eat?" is far simpler than the answer to the question, "When Shall We Eat?" Most complex of all is the problem, "What Shall We Eat?"

EUSTACE MILES.

MISSING LINK IN JAVA.

The Human Monkey That Prof. Haeckel Has Been Studying in the East Indies.

Prof. Ernst Haeckel tells, in his latest book, of a species of the gibbon which he had an opportunity to observe for several months at his own residence in Buitenzorg, Java. This species is found only in Java, its scientific name being *Hylobates lencisus*. The natives call the animal **oa** on account of the characteristic sound it utters.

When the little animal stands erect it is scarcely taller than a child of six years. The head is comparatively small, the waist slender, the legs short and the arms long. The face of the oa, says Prof. Haeckel, is more human than that of the orang-outang, the large red-haired anthropoid ape that lives in the trees of Borneo and Sumatra.

"The physiognomy of the little gibbon at my house," wrote Prof. Haeckel, "reminded me of the manager of an insolvent bank pondering with wrinkled brow over the results of the crash. The distrust of the animal toward all white Europeans was very noticeable but, on the other hand, he formed an intimate friendship with the brown Malays of our household and especially the small children. He never crawled on all fours. When he was tired with running he stretched himself out on the grass and let the tropical sun shine on his body. Usually he placed one arm under his head and assumed exactly the attitude of a weary wanderer who lies down on his back in the shade of a tree.

"When I held a piece of tasty food just out of his reach he cried like a naughty child 'huite, huite, huite,' a sound altogether different from the 'oa, oa' which he used to express different emotions. He uttered a third and shriller sound when he was suddenly frightened.

"The speech of these human monkeys has not many different sounds but those given are modulated and altered in tone, strength, and number of repetitions. The animal also uses many gestures, motions with the hands and grimaces in such an expressive way that the careful observer can detect different wishes and various emotions.

"Besides milk and cocoa he liked sweet wine. He grasped the cup very skilfully with both hands and drank like a child. He peeled bananas and oranges.

"Most Malays do not look upon the gibbon and orang-outang as animals. The former they belive to be bewitched men; the latter as criminals, who, as a punishment, were changed into monkeys. Other monkeys, they believe, are in fact men who are in the course of metempsychosis; in other words, they believe the souls of human beings at death enter into the bodies of these monkeys."

THE CALIFORNIA DUNKARDS.

A Sect That Tries to Live According to the New Testament Teachings.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 25.—The Dunkards of southern California live in one of the prettiest valleys in that part of the State at the foot of the San Gabriel spur of the Sierra Madres—thirty miles east from Los Angeles. They get their livelihood from little fruit orchards and principally from olive and lemon groves.

The central Dunkard town is Lordsburg, a village of 1,600 people, with trim but very plain houses, neatly kept streets flanked by rows of shade trees, a large college building and a church, about which the whole colony rotates. One can scarcely imagine a more decorous, solemn community than Lordsburg.

The whole population rises at dawn, is industrious all day long, never speaking on any subject but those concerning the colony thrift, the manifestation of the Divine will, the extension of the sect's influence and the interpretation of Scriptural passages. At sunset there are brief devotional services in every Dunkard home, and when the evening meal is over, each household gathers about its head for Bible reading and religious contemplation. Seldom is a light seen in a home in Lordsburg after 9 o'clock at night.

SHE MADE HER OWN ANTIQUES

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPHS IN FURNISHING HER ROOMS.

Got a Fine Table Out of an Old Piano Case and a Tea Table Out of a Washstand—Use Found for Old Church Pews—Arrangement of Book Shelves—A Carpenter's Achievements.

"We used to laugh at the antique shops for manufacturing old furniture, but they can be matched now by almost any clever woman living in a New York apartment house. It's wonderful what a lot of last century furniture many of them have devised."

The woman who said this presides over three rooms in one of the apartment hotels, and her living room is so attractive that the guest to whom she spoke had inadvertently stood still upon entering and had said simply:

"Why, what a beautiful room!"

"It is pretty," said the woman who made it, "and nearly all the old furniture here I made myself, with a carpenter to drive some nails and do some glueing."

The plain wall spaces of the room were paneled in dark oak, and all about the room were set graceful old oak pieces. Then the woman who was responsible told how she did it.

"Naturally, everybody looks at my big table first," she began. "Well, that used to be a piano. It was a fearful old instrument I found out in the barn at my mother's—but you can pick them up almost any where for a few dollars. The wood alone is worth more than they sell for, for nearly all the old instruments were rose wood.

"I brought it home and hadt he carpenter take the works out. If you want to devise an inexpensive thing, let me warn you to do it yourself, and engage a carpenter for half a day or so. That is far cheaper than sending to a dealer.

"When the piano was closed it was a tight box of rosewood. I had the carpenter take off the front piece, and he fitted in a plain pine drawer, stained dark, with the front piece for the front of the drawer. Then we spent half a day polishing the wood. The legs were beautifully carved, but the wood was covered with dust and scratches and required a good deal of work.

"When we were through, the wood looked as it does now. Then I spent several hours next morning selecting two brass handles for the drawer—plain little plates with beading about them and plain handles. Then I had a library table that couldn't be bought for $100. And brass and labor and all cost less than $5.

"Then the tea table. I really don't think I know a more attractive one, if I do say it. And what do you think mine used to be? A washstand!

"I found it in a second-hand shop. The moment I looked at it I knew it was oak—but you should have seen it! It had a drawer and one of the railings about three sides of it that the old maple washstands always had. Indeed the railing gave me my best idea, and I bought the stand triumphantly for 50 cents.

"When the carpenter came—though he is used to my freaks and is generally sympathetic—he said what I wished couldn't be done. He said further and decidedly that he wouldn't undertake it and be responsible for a botched job. But I finally persuaded him just to work under my direction for one day and see what happened by evening.

"First we took the drawer out and then cut off the whole top and sawed off the legs at three inches from the top. Then the top of the stand, minus the side pieces which had been necessary for the drawer, was fitted nicely on the legs. That made an ordinary drawerless table of it.

"The only thing that remained to do was to carry out the idea suggested by the railing, and that is the crown of the whole undertaking. He sawed off the railing—or unglued the posts at the four corners, and then into each of the holes I had him fit four little corner posts of round oak about five inches high.

"From one to other of these, around three sides of my table, I ran a little brass rod, and from this I hung the little five-inch curtain of golden-brown silk you see on it now. Doesn't it give an air to the whole table—and, my dear, there are some old paintings I could take you to in which the man whose portrait is being done stands with his hand resting on a table exactly like that.

"When the wood was rubbed up I wouldn't have taken $10 for my fifty-cent washstand. Think—that really beautiful thing might have been condemned to some servants' room!

"Then the panelling of the room. That in a way is funniest of all, and I admit that wouldn't have been possible for every-one, and it was only a bit of the luck that is sure to pursue the person who goes in for this sort of thing.

"When I was out in the country last summer, I went one day to the dedication of a trim new brick church the village had just erected. And after the service it occurred to me to have a look in the lonely old building, standing deserted in the churchyard. And it was filled with the most delightful old pews you can imagine—solid oak, every one, panelled and heavy and quite wonderful.

"I asked what they were going to do with them, and nobody knew. I asked tremblingly if I might buy them, and my offer was accepted with delight. I bought twelve of them outright, and what I paid went joyfully, I believe, to the purchase of a piano lamp for the new sociable rooms. Think of that! and the new church was set with spick and span pews of an 'antique' oak, with chocolate trimmings!

"Well, eleven of the pews I had shipped to the carpenter shop, and presently I made the bewildered man understand that I wanted the eight panels on each pew taken off, so that I might run them about this room in a double row, for a wainscot.

"He did it with very little difficulty, and without injuring one of them. And there were enough so that in those two corners of the room I let the panels run clear to the ceiling and they made the back for some oak bookshelves. That furnished the two corners of the rooms, and gave me the entire wainscoting.

"I haven't told you what I did with the twelfth pew. There it is over by the chimney place, with some bright pillows thrown on it, and its big beautiful arm broad enough to hold a lamp or a plant. Of course this room never would have looked the same if I had not discovered that church, but almost every one has some luck of that sort when she once starts collecting.

"Of course I long ago banished book-cases. The built-in book-cases are so much more possible—only I was unwilling to have any low ones because they would hide my paneling. The two corner lines of shelves accommodated a good many books.

"So in the space between the door and the chimney, and the one between those two doors and over the couch I ran two shelves across just above the wainscoting. That is not too high to reach the shelves comfortably. I had them made of oak and the borders—well, that is my own idea too.

"Every one thinks the shelves are made after some special design with those heavy carved edges. Well, the heavy carved edges are picture frame, stained! I simply went to a wholesale moulding place, and asked to look over their mouldings, and I found what I wanted—only of course one has to be exceedingly careful not to select something too decorative, which banishes the effect one is seeking. In this case it looks nearly the way I wanted it to.

"The cabinet over the mantel shows what may be done with a hard-wood fireplace, for I begged the owner, greatly to his amazement, to let me have the whole carved and mirrored top taken off, and leave me with just the fire-place, and simple shelf above.

"After a great deal of protesting he had it done, and I immediately filled the space with shelves nearly to the ceiling, and had swung before them glass doors, cut in little diamond-panes by oak mullions. That gave me a place for the old lace and miniatures and curios I had.

"If I had not needed the space for this I should simply have utilized it for book shelves, without the doors. Every one says the usual mantel is an eyesore, yet nobody makes the slightest effort to get rid of it.

"The windows were a simple enough problem—for alas, since the days of latticed windows that opened out are forever gone, excepting for country houses, the next best thing is a window of small panes. But you are not allowed to substitute windows of small panes when you live in some-one's else house.

"So my carpenter made me a little frame of twelve little oak squares, each four inches across, and I had these fitted in the lower sash, close to the inside of the glass, leaving a larger plain space in the middle of the pane. The effect is nearly the same as bona fide small panes, especially seen through the curtains, and there is one advantage over the actual small-paned window: The glass may be much more easily washed.

"That," she said, "I believe is all I have achieved so far. But I have numberless other plans. You really don't know what you may come upon by getting about in the Third and Ninth avenue second-hand stores and auction rooms.

"I have only one regret," she added, looking about the quaint and charming room she had made, "I do wish I had bought enough of those pews to panel the ceiling!"

A LIBRARY ALL ABOUT MAGIC

The Largest Collection of the Kind Said to Be in This City.

It is thought that Dr. Saram R. Ellison of 118 West 103d street, owns the largest collection in the world of books on Magic and its allied arts. As the library now stands it is a valuable collection, and is intended to supply the place of a reference library, to all reputable magicians and other people; but it is not a circulating library.

That must be distinctly understood, for the Doctor says he "would not let a book go out of his own house, even in the care of his best friend." Many are the visits he has from the members of the profession; to talk over magic, and to look over his collection, in the hope that in some of the books published more than 300 years ago, a trick that is new to the present theatre-going people may be found.

That mystic rites and ceremonies impress Dr. Ellison is manifest in the fact that he is a Mason of the thirty-third degree. He is Recorder of Mecca Temple of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine; which duties bring him in correspondence with people all over the world. In this way the Doctor's opportunities as a collector have been exceptional. All his friends both home and abroad know his enthusiasm, and unite in sending him photographs, clippings, books.

Dr. Ellison is not, and never was a public performer of magic; nor does he pretend to be even a clever amateur; but as his collection grows, his enthusiasm increases, and he is to-day known all over the world among magicians and collectors.

His catalogue contains the titles of more than 600 different books and magazine articles, the dates running from a "History of Magic," published in 1657, to a magazine published in the interests of magicians this month. A few of the subjects of the books on the shelves themselves are: Ancient mysteries, myths, &c.; second sight, spiritualistic exposures, thought transference, illusions, spiritualism, occultism, demonology, pretended miracles, real miracles—in which last class the visitor will see the Bible. Then there are books on juggling, legerdemain, recreations, history of magic, black magic, gamblers' tricks, cryptography.

There are books that furnish performers with good samples of what is termed conjurers' patter, a mess of confusing, but laughable nonsense.

In addition to these books the doctor has several scrapbooks filled with clippings from newspapers published all over the world. And filed away in a different manner, are magazine articles on magic and magicians.

The *Conjurer's Magazine*, which ran from August, 1791, to January, 1794, and was probably the first periodical ever got out exclusively in the interest of magicians, was completed under the title of the *Astrologers' Magazine and Philosophical Miscellany*. Its volumes rest on the shelves of Dr. Ellison's library.

There are old pamphlets containing a history of some English tricks, now no longer performed. A magazine called *Magic* and the *Showman* slumber cheek by jowl with the German *Zauberwelt* and *Zauberspiegel*. This country is represented by *American Tricks* and the *Magician*, both of which have now entered into rest.

The books of themselves could almost be compared to the inhabitants of metropolitan New York, so varied are they in age, size, color and richness or poverty of their coverings. There are old books through which the bookworms have passed; there are new books in full calf and vellum. There are thin books, scarcely more than pamphlets, and there are nice fat books, that cause one to remember in gratitude the bookholder; and all carefully classified, so that the one who seeks knowledge on the subject of magic, may have as little trouble as possible.

Dr. Ellison also has a few of the appliances with which the magicians perform their simplest tricks, and he is about to begin the collection of magicians' wands. He counts upon getting one from each of the best magicians now living.

OIL WELLS AND EARTHQUAKES.

A Suggestion That the Disturbances May Be Caused by Letting Out Gas.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

One of the most disastrous earthquakes of recent times is that reported from Russian Transcaucasia. The town of Shamaka has been practically destroyed, only a dozen houses being left standing, while a population of 25,000 has been rendered homeless. The number of fatalities is as yet unknown. Perhaps it never will be correctly determined, for the fissured earth swallowed up some of the victims, and others are buried in ruins where they never may be disturbed. Over 300 bodies had been recovered at the latest accounts.

To the student of seismic phenomena the interesting and suggestive feature in the Shamaka earthquake is that it has occurred in the neighborhood of the Baku oil district—the most productive field in the world, not excepting that of Beaumont, in Texas. It is, furthermore, a section of the world which has hitherto been exempt from these phenomena. The scientific inquirer will naturally search for a cause, for cause and effect go together in the scientific analysis of all phenomena. Is the great natural oil reservoir tapped by the oil wells of Baku, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, located under the site of Shamaka, and has the tremendous drain of mineral oil from the same caused a void and a subsequent shrinkage in the earth's crust in that neighborhood? The inquiry is not far-fetched. It is usually assumed that water takes the place of the oil withdrawn from the measures, filling the vacuum created by the latter's withdrawal; but if the water, being more tenuous, should find an independent vent elsewhere, the vacuum created by the draining of the mineral oil would remain, and a shrinkage of the unsupported crust of the earth would naturally follow sooner or later.

It has been suggested that the tapping of the oil measures in the southern part of this State has relieved the mineral oil-bearing formations from the pressure of the gas created in them, and the possible subterranean gas explosions produced by excessive pressure, and thus removed one of the supposed causes of earthquakes in that section. There may be nothing in the theory, but it has been observed that the Los Angeles district has been notably exempt from seismic disturbances since the oil measures were tapped and vent given to the gases generated in them. Likewise, the theory that the Shamaka earthquake was due to the drain on the petroleum reservoirs in the Caucasus by the Baku wells may be entirely at fault. But the two phenomena seem to invite the attention of the scientist, and open a new field for the study of seismic disturbances.

TO WEAR WHEN CROWNED.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA PAYING ATTENTION TO THE QUESTION.

Her Coronation Robe and Crown Described—They Will Be Up-to-Date and Not Mediæval—Every Article Absolutely New.

From the London Daily Mail.

The one thing that the Queen has insisted on from the beginning is that the grace and beauty of her coronation robes shall not be sacrificed to historic precedent or to the College of Heralds. She has no mind to walk to her throne in Westminster Abbey looking like a picture out of the Middle Ages. Her robes will have a modern style so far as is possible.

The Queen has had her share of the anxieties belonging to the preparation of ceremonial dress during the long period of her reign as Princess of Wales; but all that sinks into insignificance in comparison with the choosing of her costumes for the approaching great event.

Her Majesty thinks it a good thing that a coronation can only occur once in a lifetime. The selection of robes for such a historic ceremony involves countless considerations of detail, which do not enter into the choosing of dress for State ceremonials in general, as, indeed, the peeresses have discovered, who until a few days ago were in a harrowing state of uncertainty as to the form of their kirtles and the length of their trains which the Lord Chamberlain's regulations will permit them to wear.

The Queen has her trials also, and her boudoir at Marlborough House has had on occasions the appearance of a school of design and a modiste's establishment combined. Shall it be silk or shall it be velvet? Is it to be embroidered with gold or studded with gems? Shall the heraldic devices be put here or shall they be put there? are questions which the Queen and her ladies are even yet discussing.

Her Majesty for long years has been an example in elegance and suitability of dress to the women of this country. Never from the day she wore that lovely gown wreathed from hem to waist with orange blossoms has she failed to take the palm for dress at all great ceremonials, and she is not going to lose her reputation at the coronation.

Many designs for robes taken from those worn by previous Queens Consort have been placed before her Majesty, and those of the Queen of James II have found most favor. Indeed, as the crown made for Mary Beatrice is the basis of that to be worn by the Queen, it seems in keeping that the robes of that same beautiful Consort should be suggestive at the present time.

She wore a train of purple velvet, bordered with ermine, and a kirtle of white and silver brocade. Her stomacher blazed with jewels and her robes were looped with ropes and tassels of pearls. Purple and silver have usually been dedicated to the use of Queens Consort and red and gold to monarchs. The stately Caroline of Anspach wore magnificent purple velvet robes and walked to her throne under a canopy carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports, while her train was borne by the Princess Royal and the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, attired in purple robes.

The Queen will not walk under a canopy, that ancient custom being omitted from the coming ceremony; but the precedent of having her train carried by her three daughters may be followed, and would certainly give distinction to the procession and prevent rivalry among the peeresses.

The Queen will wear everything new on her coronation day, down to the most insignificant item in her apparel, saving only her jewels, and the garments worn will be preserved as mementos of the occasion. Indeed, the "new clothes" custom will be observed throughout society, and in some of the poor quarters of London clothing clubs have been started, by which people can invest against coronation day.

The crown was one of the earliest matters under the Queen's consideration, and when it was brought from the Tower for their Majesties' inspection the Queen viewed the ancient headpiece of royal consorts with a shiver. Well might she have asked in consternation: "How can I wear it with my coiffure?"

In days gone by Queens were content to hide their lovely locks under a top-heavy cap-like crown suggestive of pantomime performances and their liege subjects would as soon have thought of criticising the shape of this symbol of regnant royalty as of taking exception to a peeress's tiara.

We live in more democratic days, and the loyalty which is exhibited by all classes with regard to the approaching coronation does not prevent people having their ideas on the dress of royalty. All will be pleased that the Queen has practically discarded the old crown of previous queens consort, and that the gems which it contained will be reset in a new crown of more dainty proportions and lighter design. It will rest quite prettily and naturally around the Queen's hair without disguising it.

The purple velvet cap upon which it will be mounted will be less obtrusive than in the old crown, and the border of ermine less pronounced. So far as it can be said to be modeled after any crown it will resemble the one first made for Mary Beatrice, the Queen of James II., and the loveliest royal Consort until the present time.

It has, I believe, been finally decided that the Koh-i-noor will not occupy the central position of the crown, but will be worn as an ornament in front of the Queen's bodice, in the same way that her late Majesty wore it of late years. Australia has a hope that the wonderful great pearl on the way to this country may be accorded a place of honor in the Queen's crown; but this is a matter of conjecture, like the Queensland opal, which its possessor has tentatively placed with the jewelers who are preparing the King's crown.

The sceptre and cross and the rod and the dove which will be placed in the Queen's hands after the crown has been put on her head will follow the traditional design, but be of light weight. The Archbishop of York, who has to perform the delicate office of crowning the Queen, may be trusted to accomplish his work with tact. Dr. Maclagan is a man of charming manners, and will devine exactly where that crown should be placed, with due respect, if one may mention it, to coiffure.

All the ladies of the Queen's Household take some part in discussing and arranging of her dress for the coronation, but to the Mistress of the Robes technically falls the ordering of things, she being at the head of the robes department.

It is her privilege also to attend her Royal mistress on all great occasions and to superintend the robing of the Queen for State ceremonials. The office is semi-political and one which does not become void through the demise of the Crown, hence the Duchess of Buccleuch remains Mistress of the Robes in the new reign. She was a friend of the late Queen, and her kind, homely, yet withal dignified, bearing cannot fail to inspire the confidence of the new Queen. Her Grace was an Abercorn, and to the exclusiveness of the Buccleuchs she unites that charm and graciousness which are characteristic of her house. Lady Lansdowne is her sister.

But putting aside the official position of the Mistress of the Robes, there is no one on whose judgment the Queen relies more implicitly than on that of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, who has held the office of Woman of the Bedchamber for some twenty years and enjoys her Majesty's confidence and affection in a marked degree.

The Queen's private behests are carried out by Miss Knollys, and with her she will discuss her wardrobe more intimately than with any one else. The recent illness of the Queen's confidante has somewhat delayed her Majesty's preparations for the coronation, but, happily, Miss Knollys is now convalescent and in a day or two she will again be in attendance on her beloved mistress.

Whales Attacked His Boat.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

VANCOUVER, Feb. 7.—Donald Todd, a fisherman of this city, had a very dangerous experience with ferocious whales which attacked him and stove in his sloop. Todd, with his assistant, was prospecting for salmon ground to the north of China Hat, which is just south of Millbank Sound.

The sloop was anchored near the shore, and at daybreak both occupants were awakened by a strange tumult. As Todd pushed his head out of the hatchway to see what was the matter he was startled by a blow on the bow, which sent everything flying and was accompanied by the sound of crashing timbers. He was tossed to one side by the shock, and when he regained his feet and was in a position to look around he was astonished to find the sloop surrounded by a lively school of whales, numbering twenty or thirty and some fifty or sixty feet in length. They had followed a school of herring to the shore, and finding the sloop in their way, did not hesitate to attack it.

Though alarmed by the snorting and blowing of the angry monsters, the two men succeeded in putting their boat inshore by means of the anchor chain. The jibboom was swept clean away and the bow of the boat badly damaged by blows from the tails of the great fishes.